The Kent News:
PUBLISHED WEEKLY, AT
CHESTERTOWN, KENT COUNTY, MARYLAND.
Office in the Masonic Hall.

JAS. H. PLUMMER, WM. B. USILTON.
PLUMMER & USILTON,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

Terms of Subscription:
Two DOLLARS per annum in advance; or, if not paid within six months from the time of subscribing, $2.50 may be charged.

LOCAL and other correspondence solicited.
AS AN EVIDENCE of good faith all communications addressed to THE NEWS must be accompanied by the writer's full name and address.

Kent News.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: Devoted to General and Local Intelligence and Literature; Agricultural, Horticultural, and Mechanical Interests; Politics and Advertising.

Vol. 44. CHESTERTOWN, MD., SATURDAY, DEC. 15, 1883. No. 31.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements occupying the space of eight lines, brevier type, will be inserted three times for one dollar, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent insertion. Obituaries at one-half advertising rates.

No gratuitous advertising. Calls for meetings, concerts, excursions, &c., for charitable, religious or other purposes, must be paid for, the publishers standing on an equal footing with others ready to contribute toward such objects as they may feel an interest in.

JOB-PRINTING:
HANDBILLS, CARDS,
CIRCULARS, BLANKS, &c.,
executed with neatness and dispatch, and at reasonable prices.

$16,872.13 worth of CLOTHING
And NOTIONS
AT YOUR COMMAND!

BORDLEY BROS.,
FULL STOCK OF CLOTHING
Will be CLOSED OUT at and BELOW COST!
In order to give us room for Improvements!

This stock of Clothing will be offered to the people at Manufacturers' first cost up to March 1, 1884. We are determined to sell the full stock if we have to sacrifice it as the season has been remarkably warm, and we have too many goods on hand.—Among this large stock of Clothing will be found the most useful and valuable CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, and those who come first will secure the most desirable goods, and at such prices as to astonish all who give us a call.

Below will be found an inventory of stock as taken up to Dec. 5, 1883:

593 Overcoats,	all Descriptions, valued at	$ 4,376.50
472 Men's Suits	" "	3,924.85
216 Youth's Suits	" "	2,007.60
197 Boys' Suits	" "	1,576.29
268 Children's Suits	" "	1 030.00
137 Odd Coats	" "	529.38
437 Odd Pants	" "	1,213.50
103 Odd Vests	" "	175.00
		$ 14,833.12

Actually $14833.12 of Clothing that MUST BE SOLD or SACRIFICED.

Unquestionably the largest, best and cheapest stock ever presented to the people of Kent and Queen Anne's counties.

INVENTORY OF NOTIONS:

Am't stock of Shirts—Laundried, Unlaundried, Percales, Chevoits, Blue Shirts,	*$ 533.22*
" " *Undershirts and Drawers*	*627.37*
" " *Handkerchiefs—Linen and Silk*	*112.60*
" " *Gloves—all descriptions*	*239.40*
" " *Hosiery—plain and fancy*	*213.75*
" " *Neckwear—all kinds*	*175.86*
" " *Suspenders*	*136.75*
	$ 2,039.01
Stock of Clothing - - - $ 14,833.12	
" *Notions 2,039.01*	
	$ 16,872.13

LOOK!—$16,872.13 of CLOTHING and NOTIONS, MUST BE SOLD, and if you want Bargains now is your chance.

REMEMBER!—This is no bait, but actual facts, and as we propose to enlarge our store room we must get rid of this large stock of Goods, and in order to do so, we have marked them at actual cost of manufacture.
Resp.,
Chestertown, Dec. 1883. BORDLEY BROS.

15,000 Yards of Carpet!

Our Carpet Trade has so increased that we have been compelled to enlarge our Carpet Department.

We have now a beautiful Carpet Room filled with the best MAKES and DESIGNS that the market can produce. Our stock consists in

Tapestries, Body Brussels, (with borders to match), Ingrains, Persian Damasks, Rags and Hemp, all of which we make and lay in the best manner when desired.

We have also a line of floor Oilcloths, Cocoa Mattings, Rugs, Mats, Stair Pads, Stair Rods, Carpet Feltings, Window Shades, &c.

Remember you have FIFTEEN THOUSAND YARDS OF CARPET to select from, therefore come where you can get just what you want.

W. H. MOORE & Co.,
Oct. 20-3m. MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

W. P. PATTERSON,
RETAIL DEALER AND JOBBER OF
Breech and Muzzle Loading Guns
RIFLES, REVOLVERS,
AMMUNITION, GLASS BALLS, GLASS
BALL TRAPS, LEATHER and CANVAS GOODS.
168 W. Pratt Street, Baltimore.

PUBLIC SALE

THE undersigned intending to discontinue farming will offer at public sale, at his residence near Spry's Gate, on the Samuel C. Boyd farm,

WEDNESDAY, December 19th,

The following property:

4 Good WORK HORSES,
one of them a good driver and quiet; one good brood mare, good worker and driver;

3 Head of Good MILCH COWS,
two of them will soon be Fresh;

6 GOOD SIZE SHOATS;

3 FARM WAGONS & HARNESS:
1 Dearborn; 1 York Carriage & Harness;
1 Sleigh and Bells;
1 Hyland Corn Sheller, nearly new;
1 Grain Fan, nearly new;
1 Woods' Reaper, in good order;
1 Champion Reaper, in good order;
1 Bickford & Huffman Drill, good order;
1 Crosser, nearly new;
1 Spring Tooth Rake;
1 Carriage Pole and Straps;
1 Grindstone; 2 Peach Ladders;
1 Roller, in good order;
1 Ox Yoke and Tongue; 1 Cook Stove;
1 Coal Stove; 1 Half-Bushel, Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Shovels, Forks, Hoes, lot of Plow Gears, Double Trees, &c., 5 Tons of Clover Hay; Lot of Good CORN BLADES;

A LOT OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS:—A credit of 10 months will be given on all sums over $15, the purchaser giving his note with approved security, interest added, payable at the Kent Nat'l Bank of Chestertown. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

RICHARD M. BRYAN.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. d8.

PUBLIC SALE

THE undersigned will sell at Public Sale, on the farm of Mr. Wm. J. Vannort, in Broad Neck, on

FRIDAY, Dec. 21st, 1883,

The following Property:

ONE DRIVING MARE,
1 McCORMICK BINDER,
only cut one year, in good order;

1 Dropper, in good order; 1 Wagon and Springs in good order; 1 Drill; Horse Rake; 1 Peach Culler; Plows, Harrows Cultivators; 1 Corn Runner; Lot small Pigs; Kitchen Furnace; 2 Stoves; 1 Sideboard; Bedsteads, Tables, Chairs, &c.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS OF SALE:—All purchases of and over $10 a credit of nine months; under that sum, cash.

WM. H. PURDY.
U. A. C. GARRETT, Auct'r. d8-ts.

CARPETS! CARPETS!

LOWER THAN EVER!
LOWER THAN EVER!

JUST RECEIVED a Lot of All-Wool INGRAINS, worth 75c., which I am offering for 55 and 60 cts. per yard.—Sales of Hundreds of Yards per day show that people are beginning to realize the fact that I mean everything I say, and that they can save money by buying of us. Very truly, R. F. PARKS.
Dec. 8-tf.

CARPETS! CARPETS!
CARPETS!

CARPETS of Rags. CARPETS of Jute.
CARPETS of Cotton & Wool Mixed.
CARPETS of all Wool.

We invite the inspection of those intending to purchase carpets this fall and winter to the largest stock that has ever been kept in this market and at City Prices.

We have a large stock of floor and stair

OIL CLOTHS

5-8, 4-4, 5-4, 6-4 and 8-4, and also a variety of Stair Carpet.
Sept. 8-4m. J. B. BURCHINAL.

CARPETS!

GEO. E. CRANE. CURTIS E. CRANE.

CRANE BROS.,
Formerly of Queen Anne's County,

HAVE opened a NEW CARPET HOUSE at 67 W. BALTIMORE ST., opposite the DIME MUSEUM, and are showing the FINEST LINE of CARPETS ever offered in the City. They ask their friends to give them a call. Their expenses are small, and they guarantee to sell from 10 to 15 per cent lower than any other house in the City.

CARPETS, OILCLOTHS, MATTINGS, RUGS, OTTOMANS, HASSOCKS, &c., &c.,
all of the newest styles.

CRANE BROTHERS,
67 W. Baltimore St.,
BALTIMORE, MD.
Oct. 13-3m. opp. Dime Museum.

FINE CONFECTIONERY for the Holidays at WM. H. LAMBERT'S.
d8.

PUBLIC SALE
—OF—
PERSONAL PROPERTY.

The subscriber, having rented his farm, called "Bellevue," near Cecilton, Cecil county, Md., will offer at Public Sale, on

MONDAY, December 17th, 1883,

at 10 o'clock A. M., his entire Stock, as follows:

7 HEAD OF HORSES,
Good for Farm or Road; TWO COLTS, one year old next Spring;

5 Head of Milch Cows
1 Heifer, 1 Durham Bull, 24 Head Sheep, 20 Shoats, 3 Brood Sows.

FARMING IMPLEMENTS:—Two Reapers, 1 Hand Corn Sheller, 1 Wheat Thresher, 1 Ten-horse Pelton Power, 3 Corn Coverers, 1 Horse Cart, 1 Bickford & Huffman Drill, 2 Farm Wagons, iron axles; 1 Peach Body, 1 Feed Cutter, 1 Wheat Rake, 1 Corn Crosser, 1 York Carriage, 1 Roller, 1 Mill Wagon, 1 Carriage Pole, 1 Hog Trough, new; Plows, Harrows and Cultivators, 3 sets Wagon Harness, Plow Gears, Bridles and Collars; 1 set Cart Harness; 1 Blacksmith's Bellows, 1 Anvil and Smiths' Tools, Wheelwright Tools, 2 Scything Cradles, 2 Mowing Scythes, 1 Clover Seed Sower, 3 Ox-chains, Hoes, Shovels, Forks, Spades, &c. Also, 3 sets Carriage Harness, one side of Harness Leather, 2 Saddles, 8 Berry Crates, 4 Cider Barrels, 1 Harness Horse, Corn Blades, Barrel of Tar, 2 Hogsheads, Work Bench and Vice, one Block and Fall, 4 Pruning Shears, 1 Cider Mill, 1 Post Machine, and lot of

Household and Kitchen FURNITURE.

TERMS OF SALE:—Sums of $10 and under cash; over that amount a credit of 12 months will be given, on bankable note with approved indorser, interest added. No property to be removed until the terms are complied with.

ROBERT BLACKWAY.
S. M. ENOS, Auc'r. d8-2t.

VENDUE.

THE undersigned will sell at Public Sale at his residence in the lower part of Quaker Neck, on

MONDAY, December 17th, 1883,

the following property:

1 BAY MARE,
Safe for any lady to drive;

1 Bay COLT, 2 years-old next April;
1 Good MILCH COW;

Lot of CORN BLADES; Lot of Timothy Hay; 1 Germantown Wagon, two seats; 1 set Carriage Harness, 1 set of Cart Harness; Plows, Harrows, Cultivators, Hoes, Shovels, Spades, Forks, Shovels, &c., &c., 1 Parlor Cook Stove.

LOT OF HOUSEHOLD GOODS.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock A. M.

TERMS.—All sums of $10 and under, cash; over that amount a credit of Twelve months will be given on note with approved security.

S. E. T. STARTT.
J. W. CARROLL, Auc'r. d8-ts.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE
—OF—
A Steam Engine.

BY Virtue of power contained in a Mortgage from Samuel Everett to Samuel C. Harbert dated June 24th 1880, the undersigned named in such power of sale will offer at Public Sale, at Massey's, Kent county, Md., on

SATURDAY, December 15th '83,

At 1 o'clock, P. M.,

ONE WOOD, TABER & MORSE
ENGINE,

No. 2987, known as the "Rubicon"

Suitable for Saw-mill or Agricultural purposes.

TERMS:—$500 on day of sale, and as to the residue a credit of 12 months with approved security.
d1-ts. SAMUEL C. HARBERT.

A SPECIAL BARGAIN.

A few weeks ago we mentioned as a special bargain a lot of

GRAY BLANKETS,

at $1. At that time it was a big bargain, but since then there has been a large closing out sale of Blankets in New York city and from that sale we got one hundred pairs (100) that we are now offering at $1—a bigger bargain than ever before offered in Blankets—and no more to be had like them. Call and see what a special bargain we are offering in them.
d8-tjl. J. B. BURCHINAL.

Merchant Tailoring!

THE SUBSCRIBER respectfully informs the citizens of Chestertown and vicinity that he has opened near the Catholic Church in Chestertown a MERCHANT

TAILORING ESTABLISHMENT

and has on hand a fine assortment of CLOTHS and CASSIMERES. He will make Suits to order and *Guarantee a Fit* and satisfaction in every case. A call and examination of his goods is solicited.

Prices moderate.
Sept. 15-4m. LOUIS STOLL.

LIME, CEMENT & HAIR

FOR SALE AT LOWEST PRICES, at
BACCHUS' COAL YARD,
CANNON STREET, Chestertown, Md.

SPANISH, Valenciennes, and Torchon Laces, fresh Emborderies, Hamburg Edgings on Swiss, Nansook and Cambric Muslins. For sale by
T. W. ELIASON, JR.

ALWAYS IN TIME
FOR THE
HOLIDAYS.

WE HAVE GOT IT AT LAST!

HUDGINS' BAKERY!

We have now on Hand the largest, cheapest and finest lot of goods ever displayed in Chestertown, such as new Raisins, new Currants, new Citron, new Figs new Dates, new Oranges, new Lemons, and Nuts of all kinds.

Toys! Toys!

We have taken great pains in selecting our TOYS, and flatter ourselves to be able to please all who are in need of Toys, for the Holidays.

ACCORDEONS, GUITARS,
BANJOS, BABY CARRIAGES,

in abundance, will be sold cheap to make room for other goods.

FIREWORKS!

The largest supply ever offered for sale in this town.

We are baking daily Fruit Cake, Sponge Cake, Pound Cake, Bread, Rolls, Biscuit, Pies, &c., &c.

Come and see us and bring the Children with you and make the acquaintance of

The Baby Elephant!
AND
MR. & MRS. KRISS KINGLE.
Dec. 8, 1883.

GRAND OPENING
—OF—
Christmas Goods
AT BOTTOM PRICES!

PRESENTS for young and old; in fact everything you want for Table, Parlor or Little Ones.

G. E. NOLAND & CO.,
d1-3t. Fairlee.

Fall and Winter!
1883-4!

Wm. J. McFeely & Son
CHESTERTOWN, MD.
—Dealers in—

Family Groceries,
Segars and Tobacco,
CONFECTIONERIES,
Foreign and Domestic
FRUITS AND NUTS,
Flavoring Extracts, Canned Goods,
Fine Toilet Soaps, Perfumery, &c.

We flatter ourselves that we have the largest variety and the best stock of all the above goods that can be found on this shore, and would solicit a call for examination.

WM. J. McFEELY & SON.
Nov. 24, 1883.

N. C. CROW,
Dealer in
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, BOOTS & SHOES,

Groceries & Provisions, Wood & Willow Ware, China & Glass Ware, Tobacco & Segars, Canned Goods, Mince Meat, Apple Butter, Raisins, Currants, Citron, Candy, Nuts, Oranges, Lemons and Dried Fruits.

My aim is to sell good Goods at reasonable prices. I have a good line of goods for the Holidays. Come and see me.

COUNTRY PRODUCE of every saleable kind taken in exchange for goods or cash paid for them.

N. C. CROW,
Dec. 8. Up Town, adj. Bakery.

THEY NEVER FAIL!

Smith's Fever and Ague Pills,
ARE WARRANTED TO CURE
FEVER and AGUE, MALARIA, INTERMITTENT and REMITTENT FEVERS.

We Challenge their equal.

PRICE 50c. and $1.00 PER BOX.
Sold by Druggists and Dealers.

ELIAS SCHMIDT & CO., Sole Proprietors,
BALTIMORE, MD., U. S. A.

Sold at TOULSON'S Drug Store, Chestertown.
June 30-6m-1p.

Dr. A. A. WHITE'S
Blood and Liver Pills,

For the cure of Diseases arising from an impure state of the Blood or Derangement of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. They are mild in their operation and will Cure with despatch

Malaria, Bilious Fever, Dyspepsia,
Liver Complaint, Jaundice,
Headache and Constipation.

PRICE 25 CENTS PER BOX.
Sold by all Druggists.

HOLIDAY GROCERIES *AND FRUITS.*

THOMAS L. REESE,
207 & 209 W. Pratt St., BALTIMORE, MD.

Malaga and California Grapes, Figs, Prunes, Citron, Currants, Raisins, all grades and kinds, Preserves and Conserves, Plain and French Candies, Cranberries, Mince Meat, Maple Syrup, Almonds, Pecans, Filberts, Palm Nuts, English Walnuts, &c., and every variety of Staple and Fancy Groceries, ALL AT BOTTOM PRICES. It will pay you to send an order. oc20-3m.

A CONTENTED MIND.

I prayed for riches and achieved success.
All that I touched turned into gold. Alas!
My cares were greater and my peace was less
When that wish came to pass.

I prayed for glory; and I heard my name
Sung by sweet children and by hoary men.
But ah! the hurts, the hurts that come with fame!
I was not happy then.

I prayed for love, and had my soul's desire;
Through quivering heart and body and thro' brain
There swept the flame of its devouring fire;
And there the scars remain.

I prayed for a contented mind. At length
Great light upon my darkened spirit burst;
Great peace fell on me also, and great strength.
Oh! had that prayer been first!

TOO SHREWD BY HALF.

Mr. Dio Bashford cherished high ideas of men, as opposed to women, and had exalted opinions of the husband's dominion over his own household. He was an erect, full-formed individual, with a haughty bearing. He had a habit of carrying his head high—of scanning the horizon with his eagle eye—of sniffing the air—of looking over the heads of common people—of towering above the common herd.

Mr. Bashford had forbidden his wife attending the masquerade of the A. Z. A. Society. He had his reasons for so doing, which were good enough in themselves, but his wife thought he might have made known his wishes in a little less imperious manner than he chose to adopt.—However, she said nothing about it, though her eyes flashed a little as her lord and master proclaimed his wishes.

The ball was set down for the evening of the twenty-ninth. On the morning of that day Mr. Bashford went down town at the usual hour, but during the forenoon had occasion to visit a section of the city that led him past his residence.

He walked on the opposite side of the street, and did not cross over, as he was in some haste. But his attention was suddenly arrested by a young woman with a large bundle ascending the iron steps of his domicile and ringing the door-bell. He wondered somewhat at this, as he was not aware that his wife had been purchasing anything new in the line of dresses lately.—His perplexity was increased when the door was opened cautiously, the young woman admitted promptly, as if by a previous understanding, and the door instantly closed again.

Here was a dilemma. Mr. Bashford's curiosity and suspicion were aroused, and on the other hand his appointment was rather pressing.—Should he linger and solve the mystery, or dismiss it from his mind and go on about his business? He debated the question irresolutely for a moment, and finally decided that he must know what was going on in his own house. Acting on this determination, he walked slowly to the next corner, and chose a position where he could take observations.

He had not long to wait. The young woman soon reappeared, but without the bundle, and walked briskly down the street.

He followed her.

Yes, the majestic Mr. Bashford dogged the footsteps of an unknown female! It was not a long chase. She led him to one of the busiest and gayest streets, and finally turned quickly into a celebrated costumer's establishment!

Mr. Bashford could scarcely believe the evidence of his own senses at first, but on drawing near, he read the sign in front of the establishment which set forth in plain language that masks, false whiskers, costumes of all styles, ancient and modern, serious and comic, could be obtained within.

Mr. Bashford was astonished. Could it be that his wife was venturesome enough to disobey him, and had hired a costume with a view to attending the masquerade? The idea was atrocious, humiliating, exasperating. Yet the evidence seemed to point indubitably to such a state of things, and he accepted the conclusion at once.

He did not linger long in meditation. His wife's audacity must receive a severe rebuke.—This he decided upon without delay. So with that promptness and shrewdness which he boasted never deserted him, he entered the store before which he was standing.

The proprietess was a flabby woman with greedy looking eyes. He accosted her thus:

"Madam, would you object to making five dollars in as many minutes?"

The person addressed intimating that she would have no objection to that sort of thing, he continued:

"Then describe to me accurately the costume delivered by the young woman who entered this store a moment ago, or else show me one just like it."

"Well," said the woman, hesitating, "that wouldn't be exactly regular, you know."

"I understand that, but I can prove to you if necessary, that I have a right to know, and that no harm can possibly come to you by your telling me."

Here Mr. Bashford temptingly twirled a five-dollar greenback.

"O, well," said the woman, "I presume it will be all right. The costume was that of a Turkish lady. Here is one just like it, except that the hood is blue instead of scarlet."

"Yes—just so," said Mr. Bashford. "The one that the young woman left at No. 54 —— street has a scarlet hood, has it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; here are your five dollars, and besides, I am very much obliged to you. Good-day."

Mr. Bashford left the store in high glee. His wife would find that he was not to be outwitted. He would make her regret her presumptuousness.

With such thoughts he hurried to make good the appointment he had so suddenly broken.

He made no allusion, when he went home to his five o'clock dinner, to the circumstances just related. He simply said to his wife before leaving, wondering the while at her innocent and unconstrained demeanor:

"As I told you would probably be the case, Louise, I shall be detained down town by business tonight until quite late. Do not look for me much before midnight."

"O dear, I am so sorry, Dio. It is so lonesome these long evenings when you are obliged to be away."

"I guess you will manage to console yourself during my absence," was his reply delivered in a slightly sarcastic tone, as he departed.

The "business" which was to detain him was of a somewhat startling character. After spending a short time at his office, he proceeded to a costumer's establishment, and placed himself in the hands of an artist, who, after a long and tedious process, transformed him into a hideous looking Indian chief.

This done, he ordered a carriage, and gave directions to be driven to Banquet Hall, the place where the masquerade of the A. Z. A. Society was to be held. On arriving at his destination, he held a long consultation with the driver, giving him some minute directions and a greenback.

Then, with a chuckle, he entered the gay and brilliant ball-room, where the festivities had already commenced. The music was pealing forth from the orchestra, and hundreds of grotesquely attired figures were mingling in the dance.

Mr. Bashford seemed to create quite a sensation in his character of Indian chief. Many stared at him, and some of the women shuddered.

He did not dance at first, but walked with stately tread around the hall, gazing disdainfully on the giddy throng. His motive for this line of conduct may be easily divined. He was looking for his wife. He was searching for a Turkish lady with a scarlet hood. It was some time before he found what he sought for. But at last he stopped suddenly, and his gaze lingered in a particular quarter. His heart beat high with exultation. There was the Turkish lady with the scarlet hood, and her size and general contour were exactly those of his wife. There could be no mistake about it. It was the only costume of the kind in the room. He approached her boldly, with no fear of being recognized. He halted in front of her.

"Pooty squaw," he said, in a guttural tone.

She looked at him, and her eyes flashed merrily out from the small orifices of her mask.

"Noble Injin," she replied.

"Squaw come from the far eastern land?" he said, taking a seat beside her.

"Yes," was the reply. "Noble brave taken many scalps?"

"Great many. Squaw dance?"

"Yes."

And they took their places on the floor for one of the quadrilles.

After this ensued what appeared to lookers-on a scene of desperate flirtation; but in Mr. Bashford's mind there was of course no harm in thus paying exclusive attention to his own wife, though a pang shot through his breast at the thought of her accepting such marked demonstrations from one who to all intents and purposes was a stranger.

However, the game must be played, and he played it.

He professed to be in a frenzy of curiosity to know the name of his fair partner; but she did not betray her identity by word or sign. He was at heart glad of this, for it spoke well for her discretion.

Thus an hour passed very pleasantly, he had to confess to himself, for his wife—if it were she—was unwontedly witty, vivacious and entertaining.

But of a sudden the Turkish lady deserted him, and joined a Roman senator on the other side of the room. She conversed with him in a low tone, danced a set with him, and afterward exchanged some private words in an apparently very confidential manner.

This fairly maddened Mr. Bashford with jealousy. He hovered in her neighborhood, walked about with slow, measured tramp, and gazed toward her reproachfully.

Finally he got a chance to speak to her again.

"Squaw must not leave her brave again," he murmured.

But she only laughed tantalizingly.

"Shall we walk in the outer hall?" he said. "It is hot and close in this crowd."

She nodded in assent and took his arm, and they left the heated restless throng.

"I think I hear the pattering of rain drops," he said. "Shall we not stand in the open door, where it is cool?"

"Yes," she replied, "for a few moments. It will be a great relief."

They approached the doorway, and stood looking down a short flight of broad stone steps, which led to the sidewalk. Beyond could be seen a solitary carriage, with a dim light glimmering from the driver's seat. The driver himself had sought shelter from the rain within the carriage.

Mr. Bashford looked cautiously around. No one was in sight. He then coughed in a peculiar manner. The driver instantly emerged, leaving the carriage door open, and walked carelessly forward, seemingly to inspect the harness of one of the horses.

Now was Mr. Bashford's time. He suddenly seized his companion around the waist, thrust his hand under her mask and pressed it over her mouth, and ran with her to the carriage.

"Scream and you will be murdered;" he muttered in her ear.

He then forced her in the carriage, stepping in after her.

The driver slammed the door shut, sprang to his seat, and whipped the horses into a run.

Mr. Bashford held his fair prisoner firmly down to the seat, and admonished her in the harshest tones he could command to remain silent.

She cowered down submissively, evidently too terrified to speak, trembling and panting most violently.

He growled and chattered at her with the utmost ferocity, his object being to give her such a lesson as would make an indelible impression on her mind.

"What is to be done with me?" she summoned the courage to falter.

"Hush!" he growled. "You will be strung up and quartered if you make a noise."

Still the carriage rattled on, through numerous streets and alleys, the driver having been instructed to take a long, roundabout course.

The Turkish lady was so thoroughly quelled that no urging was required to keep her quiet.

Finally the driver gave a loud cough. This was a signal to Mr. Bashford that they were approaching his house. He had calculated that the devious course they had taken would so bewilder his wife that her ideas of locality would be completely confused. He wanted to impress her with the belief that she was being carried to some den of unknown horrors.

"Here we are," he growled. "Where's Black Tom? Keep the bloodhounds quiet! Not a word from you my beauty!"

He rushed up the steps, carrying his captive under one arm. Unlocking the door with his night-key, he rushed with her into the house.—He had thrown a cloak over her head, that she might be deceived up to the last moment.

He now stood in the hall. Throwing the outside door shut, he rushed into the sitting-room. A loud scream greeted his arrival. The gas was burning brightly, and in the middle of the room stood—her head thrown up and her eyes protruding with horror—*his wife.*

He halted in dire astonishment and dismay; still retaining his hold on the Turkish lady, who had by this time fainted.

"*Louise!*" he gasped.

But his wife only gave vent to a piercing shriek, and retreated to the furthermost corner of the room.

"Louise!" he ejaculated, appealingly "is that you?"

"Oh, you monster!" screamed Louise. "Who are you? What do you want?"

"Don't you know me, Louise?"

"Leave, you villain! If you don't, I'll rouse the neighborhood! My husband will be here in a moment!"

"Tut, tut! for heaven's sake, don't make any more noise. There's a terrible mistake somewhere. I am Dio—your husband. Don't you recognize my voice?"

Mrs. Bashford was not a cowardly woman.—Consequently, not having lost her senses, she did recognize her husband's voice, and became somewhat reassured.

"What does this all mean, Dio?" she said, stepping forward cautiously. "Why are you disguised so frightfully, and who is that you have with you?"

Mr. Bashford's bewilderment was so great that he had entirely forgotten that he was still supporting the Turkish lady, and he now nearly dropped her.

But recovering himself he conveyed her to a couch and laid her down.

"Haven't you been to the masquerade?" he demanded of his wife.

"To the masquerade. Certainly not."

"Then who is this?" he asked, pointing to the form on the couch.

"That! How should I know? Why, as I'm alive, it's—Oh, Dio, what under the sun have you been doing? This is Emma Burch!"

"Emma Burch? Nonsense! Are you sure?"

"Certainly."

And Mrs. Bashford bent over the prostrate form and set herself about applying restoratives. They soon had their effect. Miss Burch sat upright, and looked about her in a confused manner.

"Louise, is it you?" she exclaimed with a glad look, and almost fainting again. "And am I really safe? Oh, horrors!"

She caught a glimpse of the "noble Injin."

"There, there never mind him," said Mrs. Bashford soothingly. "It's only Dio."

"Dio! your husband! the one who kidnapped me? Oh, what does it all mean?"

Both ladies looked at Mr. Bashford inquiringly, who was now forced to explain everything.

He did it with a very bad grace, a good deal of stammering, and many blushes that would have been visible but for the paint with which his face was bedaubed. When he had concluded, his wife said:

"And so you thought the suit was for me, when I only had it brought here to accommodate Emma. The same clothes fit us both, and I had it fitted to me because she wanted to be very secret about her costume. Oh, Dio, to think you should have so little trust in me!"

Mr. Bashford had not a word to say. He sat down moodily.

Louise and Emma regarded him in silence for a moment and then burst out with hearty peals of laughter. They tortured him with their jeers long and unmercifully.

At last, when their merriment had in a degree spent itself, they began to look on the practical side of the situation.

Emma's friends at the ball would be troubled at her disappearance. They must at once be informed of her whereabouts.

Of course there was no one to perform this errand but Mr. Bashford. With a mournful appreciation of the necessities of the case, he divested himself of his disguise as speedily as possible, and donned a respectable suit of clothes. He then had to walk a full mile to the ball, for the carriage in which he had conveyed his prisoner home had been driven off, and no other was in sight or hearing. He arrived home again in the wee small hours, much the worse for wear, and miserably depressed in spirits. He had for once in his life been fairly beaten, routed, ignominiously defeated.

The leopard cannot change his spots, neither could Mr. Bashford alter his nature; but the lesson taught him was a lasting one. He has learned not to entirely distrust his wife, and deigns of late to be more communicative with her, less imperious toward her, and, moreover, manifests generally a certain respect that was always her due, though it was for a long time withheld.

RISKS RUN FOR BEAUTY.

As to Fair Fools Who Use Arsenic to Make the Complexion Clear.

From the N. Y. Evening Post.

It is stated in the columns of a medical journal of recent publication that the use of arsenic as a cosmetic is attaining dangerous popularity in fashionable circles both here and abroad. There are many women who consider a good complexion one of the chief desideratums life can offer, and one to be obtained at almost any cost. It is no secret that the poison, when taken in specific doses or quantities, has the effect of clearing the skin and rendering it soft and exquisitely transparent, but the after consequences of its prolonged use ought to be seriously considered, for they are sufficiently weighty and alarming to deter even the greatest aspirant after loviiness from tampering with so deadly a beautifier. It is presumed that no woman would be rash enough to deliberately swallow arsenic except under professional supervision, and it is said that some medical advisers in this and other cities, at the request of their fair but foolish patients, give arsenic unscrupulously in the form of prescriptions, which the unsuspecting chemist make up, unconscious of the object for which the dangerous mineral is administered.

This is a very lamentable declaration, yet if it be true, as an outspoken but very sensible physician of experience lately remarked, "These fair fools will not only purify their complexions, but they will eventually purify the world by getting out of it. They will soon lie forever at rest from all the vanities of this world, with countenances as white as the most fastidious could possibly desire."

A PRISON PICTURE.

"Dood-bye, papa," laughed a little girl as her mother held her up, so that she might kiss her father through the grate door of the city prison a few days since. "Dood-bye, and hurry and tum back. What's all oo men doin' with my papa?" she continued, gazing in on the rough-looking prisoners who were crowding near the door."—"If oo is dood to everybody, you can turn right back and see your little girl, too." Then she clambered down and ran away, while the big iron door closed after her, as a sullen cloud darkens the sunlight.

This little child, with her innocent prattle, looking in upon and talking to a group of hardened men, was a pretty scene. As she put her little face against the bars and kissed her papa, the wretches could not restrain their tears. Men were there whose lives had been on the darkest side of existence, who would not hesitate at scarcely any crime, whose characters were hardened and corrupted; yet a simple little scene like the above, a few prattling words of a child reached down through every covering and touched their better emotions. It kindled within them lingering memories of other and better days, and stirred up the little remaining sentiment of manhood, husbandhood, fatherhood. The visit of the child left an impression on those men, and opened their hearts to better resolves. However, it was only one of the many occurfences that take place in that little world of itself—a city court and prison.

NOT TO BE OVERDONE.

No one person is expected to know everything, yet many persons fall into blunders and are laughed at because they have not the courage to say, "I don't know." A young Japanese of high rank, sent to the United States to be educated, was very unwilling to admit that all was new to him in our country. He took great care never to express surprise, and to gain information in some other way than by asking direct questions.

Being a guest one day at a gentleman's table, he so far forgot himself as to express his relish for the mince pie.

"Very, fine, nice pie," he said, bowing and smiling at his hostess. "What's its name?"

"We call this 'mince pie.' I am glad you like it. Do you have mince pie in Japan?" asked the lady.

"Oh, yes, thank you; mince pie in my country," he replied.

"Of what do they make them there?" asked the lady.

A gentleman of his rank need not have blushed to say, "I do not know;" but he felt bound to keep up the honor of Japan, so far as it rested on mince pie. Again tasting the pie slowly, and with the air of a critic, his face brightened up as he said: "In Japan mince pies are made of pears and fish."

A BEATIFUL REFLECTION.

Bulwer eloquently says: I can not believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float upon its waves and sink into nothingness; else, why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbows come over us with a beauty that is not of this earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their favored loveliness? Why is it that the stars, which hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view, and then taken from us, leaving the thousand of streams of our affections to flow in Alpine torrents upon our hearts?

We are born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades, and where stars will spread before us like islands that pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

MOTHER'S TURN.

"It is mother's turn to be taken care of now." The speaker was a winsome young girl, whose bright eye, fresh color and eager looks told of light-hearted happiness. Just out of school, she had the air of culture which is an added attraction to a blithe young face. It was mother's turn now. Did she know how my heart went, out for her unselfish words?

Too many mothers, in their love of their daughters, entirely overlook the idea that themselves need recreation. They do without all the easy, pretty and charming things, and say nothing, and the daughters do not think there is any self-denial involved. Jennie gets the new and mother wears the old one, turned upside down and wrong side out. Lucy goes on the mountain trip, and mother stays at home and keeps house. Emily is tired of study and must lie down in the afternoon; but mother, though her back aches, has no time for such recreation.

Girls, take good care of your mothers. Coax them to let you relieve them of some of the harder duties which, for years, they have patiently borne.

Snow and Ice Eating.

The attention of the boys and girls is directed to the following, taken from a contemporary:

"The practice of eating snow and ice, so common to children of the Northern States, is a fruitful cause of catarrh. It is common to see boys and girls devour a snowball as though it were an apple, or icicle as though it were a bit of candy. The hard palate which forms the roof of the mouth also forms the roof of the nostrils, and is no thicker than pasteboard. The chilling effect of snow and ice brought freely in contact with this thin partition, the upper covering of which is a sensitive secreting membrane, made up almost wholly of fine blood-vessels and nerves, produces a congestion, often succeeded by chronic inflammation. As a consequence these snow and ice-eating boys and girls almost always have colds in the head and running noses."

"Yes," said Miss Penn. "I rejected Mr. Hogg. Nice fellow, but I couldn't have the announcement of my marriage appear in the papers under the head line, Hogg—Penn."

A LITTLE BOY in Georgia, who wrote to Santa Claus for a pony, was wise enough to add: "Postscript. If he's a mule, Ples ty his behine legs."

"DAR is many a rule," says Uncle Sam, "wat won't work bofe ways. Whisky will produce a headache, but a headache won't produce whisky."

A LITTLE GIRL at Newport, seeing the willow phaeton for the first time, exclaimed, "Why, mamma, everybody rides out in their clothes basket here."

AN Irishman drinks whisky; a Frenchman wine; an Englishman ale; a Dutchman beer; an American anything he can get.

AN old negro says: "Sass is powerful good in everything but children. Dey need some oder kind o' dressin."